

The Musical World.

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AGENCY, 20, CHANCING CROSS.—Managers, Societies, Institutions, Concert-givers, and others, desirous of engaging Vocal and Instrumental Performers are furnished with names, terms, and all necessary particulars, on communicating with the Agents (Messrs. RUDALL, ROSE, CARTE, & Co.), who will make engagements and complete the arrangements. The agents will either engage any artists named or select artists themselves. They will also make up parties at fixed sums, and, in fact, transact all business connected with public or private musical performances.

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MRS. ALFRED J. SUTTON, of Birmingham, will sing in the "MESSIAH" at Worcester, December 28th; and at Darlaston, 29th.

MR. ALFRED BAYLIS (Tenor) requests that all letters relative to Engagements for Oratorios and Concerts be sent to his residence, 18, Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square, W. "Mr. Baylis will be a grand addition to our short list of English tenors."—*Vide Kentish Mercury*, December 19th, 1868.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD begs to announce that she will recommence her Pianoforte Recital Tour in the Provinces on the 3rd February. All communications to be addressed to her residence, 26, Upper Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MADAME. R. SIDNEY PRATTEN begs to inform her Friends and Pupils that she continues to give Lessons on the Guitar and Concertina.—38, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MISS ADELAIDE NEWTON will sing "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at Liverpool, January 2nd and 4th; Bacup, 5th; Manchester, 6th; Chester, 9th.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing the celebrated "SONG OF MAY," by VINCENT WALLACE, on Tuesday, January 5th, at Banbury, at Mrs. John Macfarren's Pianoforte and Vocal Recital.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON will sing—28th Inst., Brixton; 31st Brixton; January 15th and 16th, St. George's Hall, Liverpool; 17th and 18th, Broughty Ferry, Dundee; 20th, Aberdeen; 21st, Edinburgh; 23rd, Glasgow; 25th, Newcastle; 26th, Walsworth; February 2nd, Plymouth; 3rd, Torquay; 22nd, St. John's Wood; 24th, Hackney; March 11th, Croydon; 15th, Marlborough; 16th, Newbury; 31st, Birkbeck Institution.—19, Newman Street, W.

MR. AND MADAME PATEY beg to announce that their Provincial Tour will end on the 30th Inst., after which date they are free to accept engagements up to February 1st.—9, Burghley Road, Highgate Road, N.W.

MISS BESSIE EMMETT (Soprano). All communications respecting engagements with his Pupil, Miss BESSIE EMMETT, to be addressed to Mr. J. TENNIELLI CALKIN, 12, Oakley Square, N.W.

MISS BESSIE EMMETT will sing BENEDICT's "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at Mrs. Macfarren's Recital, at Isleworth, December 29th.

MISS BESSIE EMMETT will sing BENEDICT's "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at the Store Street Rooms, January 9th, 1869.

MR. MAYBRICK (Baritone), from Leipsic and Milan, begs to announce that he is in Town for the Season. For Concerts, Oratorios, etc., address, care of Messrs. HUTCHINGS & ROMER, 9, Conduit Street, Regent Street, W.

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THE STABAT MATER OF VARIOUS MASTERS.

Among the innumerable crowd of musicians, who, from the end of the fifteenth century down to the present day, have tried their talents on this song of pain, seven have produced works which have achieved celebrity. These great artists are Josquin Deprès, Palestrina, Pergolesi, the Marquis of Ligniville (Prince de Conca), Haydn, Boccherini, and Rossini. There is nothing more interesting than to compare these works, so different in character, in form, and in the means by which they produce their effects, but, if we separate each one from its own epoch, if we do not thoroughly imbibe the sentiments which inspired the composer, and if we entertained fixed opinions against the tendencies of one school or the other, it is impossible to form an impartial judgment on the subject. If, however, our mind is eclectic, if it makes allowance for the influence of circumstances, and for the aim the artist had in view, we shall have a well-founded opinion of the value of each work, and our judgment will be impartial, for eclecticism is enlightened impartiality.

Behold me, then, face to face with the *Stabat* of Josquin Deprès, who ruled the art of his own time. Church music was then written for voices alone, without any accompaniment, even of the organ. The art of writing had just emerged from its swaddling clothes, and harmony was limited to a single consonant chord. For Josquin, the *Stabat* was a sequence, a prayer; his mission was simply to impart to this prayer a calm and devout character. The Saviour on the cross, and the grief of Mary, have nothing relating to human sentiments; it is the mystery of the Redemption in process of accomplishment. The artist did not see, therefore, in the work he had to produce, aught more than an act of calm devotion, and for this he possessed what he required: the pure sounds of the human voice and consonant harmony. The composition is written for five voices on the ancient Roman chant of the sixth tone (F major). One of the voices sings uninterrupted plain chant, in long sustained notes, and, upon this theme, the remaining four voices join in such sweet harmony, in something displaying such intelligent treatment of entries, rests, imitations, and the opposite character distinguishing the different classes of voice, that, if we bear in mind the considerations stated above, the work is really beautiful and worthy the attention of every educated and impartial musician.

Three quarters of a century elapsed from the moment that Josquin wrote his *Stabat Mater* to the period which saw Palestrina produce his. The order of ideas presiding over musical compositions was still the same, but art had improved in form, and Palestrina brought to it the power of his individuality. The composer already aimed at producing effect, by the means, still limited, at his disposal. Palestrina's *Stabat Mater* is for eight voices in two choruses. The latter, alternately separate and combined, produce some striking effects. In this sublime composition we perceive most plainly that the composer was deeply imbued with the words of St. Matthew: "Now from the sixth hour there was darkness all over the land unto the ninth hour. . . . And behold, the veil of the temple was rent in twain, from the top to the bottom; and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent." It is a sentiment of terror which reigns in the work of the Papal chapelmaster. The three perfect major chords with which the first chorus commences on the words "Stabat Mater," and to which the second sings the words "Juxta Cruem," are something horrible, something barbarous, which wounds our musical feeling by the false relations that their succession engenders. It is something out of Palestrina's habitual style, always so pure in its harmony. But Palestrina required an accent of horror, and, as he did not have at his disposal dissonant natural harmony, unknown during his life, it was only by violating the laws of tonality that he could obtain that accent. The sombre grief he wished to express seizes the soul at the combination of the two choruses on the words, "O quam tristis et afflicta fuit illa benedicta Mater Unigeniti!" It predominates up to the end of the work, and leaves no doubt as to the feeling by which the artist was moved when writing the latter.

Between Palestrina and Pergolesi there was a period of one hundred and fifty years; art was transformed; a new system of tonality had arisen to furnish accents hitherto unknown; and instrumental colouring had combined with voices to form a complex whole. Such were the elements placed at the disposal of the Neapolitan composer. Feeble as regarded his physical constitution, his soul alone possessed energy; but powerful combinations

were repugnant to it; it took pleasure in works of small dimensions only. He has accents to express tenderness, but not to express force. His *Stabat Mater* is, consequently, not a grandly developed composition; we do not find the powerful effect of choruses employed in it; a soprano and a contralto constitute all the vocal portion, while the orchestra consists of only two violin parts, a tenor and a bass, with the organ. The work is not always equal; two numbers are weak in their conception; but what touching sadness there is in the others! It seems as though Mary's tears had fallen upon Pergolesi's heart. When executed by first-class artists (for such are necessary) the *Stabat* of Pergolesi has always moved an audience; its celebrity eclipsed that of the other compositions of the same kind, and there is no doubt that this celebrity was well deserved. The work has lost none of its value for the connoisseur not under the influence of a particular epoch.

Although Haydn's talent does not shine to such advantage in his church music as in his instrumental music, he was happily inspired in his *Stabat Mater*. The nobleness of character which, as a rule, predominates in his ideas, is associated in this production with the tinge of melancholy cast over it. Haydn appears to have felt that the grief experienced by the mother of the Saviour was no human grief. We perceive, at the bottom of this sentiment, the resignation belonging to entire confidence in the fruits of the sacrifice which is being accomplished. This fine composition does not enjoy its due share of popularity in the world of music; a few formulae of the time alone disfigure it.

The least known of all the *Stabats* which I have mentioned is that of the Marquis de Ligniville, an amateur whose genius was not inferior to that of Marcello, but who, having died young, did not produce much. His *Stabat*, a charming "Salve, Regina," and a "Dixit Dominus," for four voices and orchestra, are all I know of his. Looking at his subject from a point of view very different to that of the other composers I have named, the Marquis de Ligniville did not endeavour to portray sentiments above human nature, nor to strike terror into his audience. What he wanted to express was the mystic tenderness for God expiring on the cross, and we must confess that he has succeeded admirably. Three voices, sometimes all similar, as in the first verse, sung by three sopranos, and as in "Quæ moriebat et dolebat," for three contraltos, and sometimes mixed, for soprano, tenor, and bass, or for soprano, contralto, and bass, as in the other verses, three voices, I say, without accompaniment of any kind, are sufficient for the author of this interesting composition to produce the most touching impressions. The Marquis de Ligniville considered it incumbent on him to give all his numbers the form of canons, but these combinations are merely accessories, which in no way injure the expression of sentiment.

Boccherini looked at his subject from the same point of view as the Marquis, in his work, but with more powerful resources for the production of effect, as his three voices are accompanied by an orchestra. The ingenious abundance of happy ideas which is conspicuous in all the other works of this great musician is found also in the work under consideration; but he has infused into it more melancholy, and even more force in certain verses, as, for instance, in "Cujus animam gementem." Though known only to the erudite in music, and, perhaps, never performed, this composition is worthy of the greatest admiration.

One of the most powerful geniuses of the nineteenth century, Rossini, wrote a *Stabat*; he made of it a drama, under the form of an oratorio, or sacred cantata. In taking this course, the illustrious master yielded to the proclivities of his genius. To appreciate properly the value of his work, we must look at it from his point of view, and not see in it music destined for the church, at least as regards certain verses, for otherwise we should run the chance of forming a very erroneous judgment of it. The originality of thought and form, the happy employment of the riches of harmony, and of the combinations of voices and instruments, such are the things we ought to consider in this fine work; we must, more especially, take care not to make any comparisons between it and works conceived with a totally different object. Regarded, therefore, for itself, this fine composition contains matter for unrestricted praise in the introduction ("Stabat Mater"); in the tenor air ("Cujus animam gementem"); in the quartet ("Sancta Mater"); and in the air with chorus. Rossini's *Stabat Mater* has already withstood the ordeal of time and criticism; it is, at the present day, justly classed among his finest works. FÉTIS, Sen.

MR. SEMIBREVE'S GRUMBLE.

(From "Vanity Fair.")

I have been asked by my friend, the Editor of this journal, to prove my goodwill to himself and to his new undertaking by writing something about music for the first number. If I really took the best means to serve his interests, it would rather be by leaving it alone, since my occupation is to write music, not write about it; but that objection being overruled, the next consideration was, what to write about. And this was and is a serious difficulty, for although I have begun, I have not even yet made up my mind.

Shall I speak generally of the past musical season? No; that has already been done by every journal that professes to give art-criticism, and, besides, the new season has begun. Shall I use this opportunity, and, under cover of the anonymous, retaliate, in a trenchant onslaught upon the critics of the various journals for their criticisms on me? No; for they would be sure to find out who wrote the stinging article, and then, how would my next oratorio be treated? No; I will avoid criticism of every sort, and whilst cherishing a secret desire to administer a severe, and, as I think, well-deserved rebuke (always under the anonymous) to my publishers for the shamefully small sums they offer me for my compositions, I will allow prudence to overrule all vengeful feelings (for they might even refuse to buy my next sonata for Pianoforte and Doublebass, with the paltry excuse that there was no demand for that class of music), and avoid personalities altogether. Well then, as I can't abuse my friends, very little is left to me. I might, indeed, write a panegyric on my own works; but the world is ill-natured, and might misunderstand the intention.

How our eminent Reviewers make up their copy every week is a mystery to me. I allude to the gentlemen who write those amusing and instructive essays *à propos de bottes*. Do they keep a little list of favourite subjects, and select from them according to their own mood, and as occasion demands? or do they take things haphazard, and thus write about "Spasms" one week, and "Long Engagements" the next, with an ease which forces us to believe that they have done and suffered (like that which "a verb" expresses) every phase of life and fortune? If I had to write constantly, I should certainly make a list of musical subjects to write about, and like the versatile Reviewer, discourse eloquently on "Natural Harmonics" or "Negro Minstrelsy" with equal facility. I won't speak of either now; for about "Natural Harmonics" people know absolutely nothing at all; and it would be useless in the small space allotted to me to try and explain them: while of "Negro Minstrelsy" we have had decidedly too much. Poor Music! with her head in heaven and her feet in the gutter, what dreadful things have been done in her name! Why should she be made to suffer from the terrible curse of being a "Social" art? Why is music always the chief sacrifice on the altar of "Society"? I could never conceive why ladies with charming houses and pleasant friends should, having these elements of success, spoil their parties by the introduction of music. I am not speaking of those who give regular concerts of professional or amateur musicians (although I shall have a word to say to them presently), where the programme is fixed, silence enjoined and kept, and where the folks really come for the sake of the music; but I allude to the fair members of society who send out cards during the season:—"Lady May Phayre at home—music, small and early,"—these parties are my *bêtes-noires*. For what happens at these sacrifices? There is a great crush of people—locomotion is difficult, and yet every one wants to move about—you pass your evening in begging people's pardon, and you are treated to a selection of third-rate Italian music performed in a fourth-rate style, by young ladies who look as if they were more bored than the listeners, and who are often accompanied on the pianoforte by their mothers in a style which, in common humanity, I can only account for by believing that they are playing a different piece of music from what their daughters are singing, and are prevented from discovering their mistake by the noise of the listeners' talking. This is bad enough, but worse may follow in the shape of a pianoforte solo by a lady who keeps the loud pedal down the whole time, and who also cannot hear what dreadful sounds she is producing, because an instrumental solo is the signal for people who have been previously talking in a moderate tone of voice, and who may not naturally be of a violent disposition, to roar at each other. Then the lion of the evening is brought forward, some good-natured French or Italian singer, who invariably sings either Gounod's "Serenade" or "A vingt ans," or maybe (but this is more rare) a pretty canonet of Gordigliani's, while the hostess goes about and says it's "too charming." At last the moment comes which I have anticipated, and I brace myself up for defence, as the hostess, after various whisperings with friends round the piano, makes her way up to me. "Oh, Mr. Semibreve, how good of you to come! What charming music we've had, haven't we? I am sure you've enjoyed it." I, who during the day perhaps, have been rehearsing new songs with Mr. Santley and Miss Edith Wynne, or trying through a MS. concerto with Joachim!—I bow and smile, and say "how very good of you to ask me." (I know what her next question is going to be from long experience).—"Might I?—would you?—you are so very kind you know; it would give us all so much pleasure if you would play us something." I recollect the dangerous effect of the instrumental solo on my quietly-disposed friends, and reply blandly, "I have been writing all day, and my fingers are so stiff that I could not play two notes in succession." "Oh, I am sure that won't matter in the least from you," says my hostess, with well-

meaning but doubtful politeness. I bow again and simply decline to play. I am very little molested now, as my idiosyncracies are known and respected, but I have had to fight for that social independence which should be the first care of an artist. I see many letters and complaints in musical journals about the position and social status of musicians, and I hope my brother artists won't be angry with me, or think me wanting in modesty, if I ask them whether it is not their own fault if their status is not as good as they would like it to be, whether a man's position in any calling, provided it be a respectable one, does not depend pretty nearly on himself alone. Music is a divine art, and a musician, in the highest sense of the word, has a noble calling, and one for which he never need blush; therefore, if he respect his calling, he will respect himself, and others will respect him. Don't let us parade the shop, nor, on the other hand, be ashamed of it, and above all, don't let us make our art so cheap and common that people do not care to buy it, but run after other wares. Lady May Phayre once pressed me so rudely to play that I felt bound to give her ladyship a rebuff, and said: "My dear Lady May, here is my friend Millais; also an artist. Why don't you ask him to sketch a portrait of yourself and some of your family, for the amusement of the company; he would be gratified, I am sure, by having such a compliment paid him." And since then her ladyship has never asked me to any of her musical parties, and there was a coolness between us for some time; but this season she graciously sent me a card for her ball, and I went and enjoyed myself immensely.

There are, however, one or two houses that I frequent where I am only too glad to be allowed to assist at musical evenings. But how different are the whole arrangements! Take the case of my friend Boulton Rowe, Q.C., at whose house pleasant, artistic gatherings constantly take place: sources of real enjoyment to everyone. There many a new work of Gounod has been read through for the first time, before it was known in England. I have heard Schumann's songs, Chopin's ballads, new things by Rubinstein, unknown works by Schubert, and much else interesting, sung and played in a style of which no artist need have been ashamed, and afterwards discussed in a manner that showed how keen were the taste and appreciation of performers and audience. But Rowe, and one or two others whom I cannot now name, are unfortunately exceptions; and the great mass of London evening music is trash—wearisome alike to body and mind. How much pleasanter the parties would be if the entertainers had no music, and put "gossip" in the corner of their cards. This is a capital idea, and if any enterprising Heraldic Engraver takes it up and makes a large sum of money out of it, I hope he won't "forget to remember" the originator.

The word I wished to say to those excellent ladies who give regular concerts is a short one, but of considerable importance. With all the means at their disposal, with first-rate singers, players, rooms, and audience, is it not a pity they give us nothing but a *rechauffé* of the most worn-out and hackneyed Italian *arias* and duets? Is there nothing else in the world that their friends would like to hear, and can the artists give them nothing different? Surely something fresher might be found than the eternal *Gazza Ladra* and *Semiramide* duets, and I know the folks would enjoy a novelty. As a proof—I was at a private concert last season, when Mdlle. Tietjens sang Schumann's ravishing song, "Dumaine Seele" and made an enormous effect with it—those who had never heard it before (and their name happened to be legion that evening) thought it the most beautiful song ever written, and so it very nearly is. The great *prime donne* are paid so exorbitantly that those who engage them would be justified in demanding from them something a little newer than "Il Bacio" or "Di Piacere."

Now I have come to the end of my tether, and have said enough to prove my goodwill for the Editor without, I trust, doing his paper very serious harm, or injuring the enormous circulation which the second number ought to have. I have had my grumble, and it has been a great satisfaction to me, and in fact, I like it so much that perhaps my Editor will let me have another soon. I am sorry I have no magnificent peroration to finish with; ending is always a difficulty. There is a story told of (I believe) the late Archbishop of Canterbury—(all honour be to the name of such a good man!)—who, having received a deputation, and being unprovided with the customary luncheon for the members of it, was at a loss how to get rid of them, as he saw they were expecting the usual hospitality. A happy thought seized him; he pronounced the blessing, and then left the room!

I can't dismiss my readers in the same manner, but instead of apologizing for my superficial style, I will merely say that my Editor told me to write "just as I talk." I have done so, and my readers will be able to judge whether in society I am a verbose, heavy old bore, or a charming, sprightly young companion.

A. SEMIBREVE.

VIENNA.—It is definitively determined that the new Opera-house is to be opened with Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, after which the first novelty will be R. Wagner's *Meistersinger von Nürnberg*.

GENOA.—The season was brought to a close with *Il Trovatore*, in which Signora Pinco was very much applauded, as, also, in the duet from *L'Elisir*, brilliantly sung by her and Signor Fiorini. The orchestra performed the overture to *Semiramide*.

ORGAN-PLAYING.*

The organ, long expected, has arrived, been unpacked, set up, and gloried over. The great players of the region round about, or of distant celebrity, have had the grand organ exhibition; and this magnificent instrument has been put through all its paces in a manner which has surprised everyone, and, if it had had a conscious existence, must have surprised the organ itself most of all. It has piped, fluted, trumpeted, brayed, thundered; it has played so loud that everybody was deafened, and so soft that nobody could hear. The pedals played for thunder, the flutes languished and coquetted, and the swell died away in delicious suffocation, like one singing a sweet song under the bedclothes. Now it leads down a stupendous waltz with full bass, sounding very much as if, in summer a thunder-storm should play above our heads, "Come, haste the wedding," or "Monymusk." Then come marches, gallops, and hornpipes. An organ playing hornpipes ought to have elephants for dancers.

At length a fugue is to show the whole scope and power of the instrument. The theme, like a cautious rat, peeps out to see if the coast is clear; and after a few hesitations, comes forth and begins to frisk a little, and run up and down to see what it can find. It finds just what it did not want, a purring tenor lying in ambush, and waiting for a spring, and as the theme comes incautiously near, the savage cat of a tenor pitches at it, misses its hold, and then takes after it with terrible earnestness. But the tenor has miscalculated the agility of the theme. All that it could do, with the most desperate effort, was to keep the theme from running back into its hole again, and so they ran up and down, around and around, dodging, eluding, whipping in and out of every corner and nook, till the whole organ was aroused, and the bass began to take part, but unluckily slipped and rolled down stairs, and lay at the bottom raving and growling in the most awful manner, and nothing could appease it. Sometimes the theme was caught by one part, and dandled for a moment when, with a snatch, another part took it and ran off exultant, until unawares the same trick was played on it, and finally, all the parts being greatly exercised in mind, began to chase each other promiscuously in and out, up and down, now separating and now rushing in full tilt together, until everything in the organ loses patience, and all the "stops" are drawn, and, in spite of all that the brave organist could do—who flew about and bobbed up and down, feet, hands, head, and all—the tune broke up into a real row, and every part was clubbing each other one, until at length, patience being no longer a virtue, the organist with two or three terrific crashes put an end to the riot, and brought the great organ back to silence.

Then came congratulations. The organist shook hands with the builder, and the builder shook hands with the organist, and both of them shook hands with the committee; and the young men who thought it their duty to know something about music looked wise, and the young ladies looked wise too, and the minister looked silly, and the parishioners generally looked stupid, and all agreed that there never was such an organ—no, never. And the builder assured the committee that he had done a little more than the contract stipulated; for he was very anxious to have a good organ in that church! And the wise men of the committee talked significantly of what a treasure they had got. The sexton gave a second look at the furnace, lest the church should take it into its head, now, of all times, to burn up; and he gave the key an extra twist in the lock, lest some thief should run off with the organ.

And now, who shall play the organ? is the question. And in the end, who has not played it? First, perhaps, a lady who teaches music is exalted to the responsibility. Her taste is cultivated, her nerves are fine, her muscles feeble, her courage small, and her fear great. She touches the great organ as if she were a trembling worshipper, fearing to arouse some terrible deity. All the meek stops are used, but none of the terrible ones, and the great instrument is made to walk in velvet slippers every Sabbath, and after each stanza the organ humbly repeats the last strain in the tune. The instrument is quite subdued. It is the modern exemplification of Ariadne riding safely on a tamed leopard. But few women have strength for the mechanical power. It ought not to be so. Woman ought to have better health, more muscle, more power, and, one of these days, doubtless, will have.

Next, an amateur player is procured, who was said to have exquisite taste and finished execution. A few pieces for the organ he knew by heart, a pretty way of varying a theme, a sentimental feeling, and reasonable correctness in accompaniment.

Next came an organist, who believed that all this small playing, this pretty sweetness, was a disgrace to the powers of the instrument. He meant to lead forth the long pent-up force, and accordingly took for his first theme, the Deluge, and the audience had it poured upon them in every conceivable form—wind, rain, floods, thunder, lightning, with all the promiscuous stops, which are put in all large organs to produce a screeching brilliancy, full drawn, to signify universal misery and to produce it. That man gave the church their full money's worth. He

flooded the house. The voices of the choir were like birds chirping in a thunder-storm. He had heard that the singing of a congregation should be borne up upon the music of the organ, and, as it were, floated, and he seemed to be aiming, for the most part, to provide a full Atlantic ocean for the slender choir to make its stormy voyages upon.

A fortunate quarrel disposed of him, and the organ went back to the tender performer. But before long a wonderful man was called, whose fame, as he related it, was excessive. He could do anything—play anything. If one style did not suit, just give him a hint, and he would take on another. He could give you opera, ecclesiastical music, stately symphony of Beethoven, the brilliant fripperies of Verdi, the solemn and simple grandeur of Handel, or the last waltz, the most popular song (suitably converted for the purpose)—anything, in short. The church must surely be hard to please, if he could not suit them. He opened his organ as a pedlar opens his tin boxes, and displaying all his wares, says, "Now, what do you want? Here is a little of almost everything!"

He took his turn. Then came a young man of a true and deep nature, to whom music was simply a symbol of something higher, a language which in itself is but little, but a glorious thing when laden with the sentiments and thoughts of a great heart. But he was not a Christian man, and the organ was not to him a Christian instrument, but simply a grand Gothic instrument, to be studied, just as a Protestant would study a cathedral, in the mere spirit of architecture, and not at all in sympathy with its religious significance or uses. And before long he went abroad to perfect himself in his musical studies. But not till a most ludicrous event befell him. On a Christmas-day a great performance was to be given. The Church was full. All were musically expectant. It had been given out that something might be expected. And surely something was had a little more than was expected. For, when every stop was drawn, that the opening might be with a sublime choral effect, the down-pressing of his hands brought forth not only the full expected chord, but also a cat, that by some strange chance had got into the organ. She went up over the top as if gunpowder had helped her. Down she plunged into the choir, took the track around the front bulwark of the gallery, until opposite the pulpit, whence she dashed down one of the supporting columns, made for the broad aisle, where a little dog joined in the affray, and both went down toward the street door at an astonishing pace. Our organist, who, on the first appearance of this element in his piece, snatched back his hands, had forgotten to relax his muscles, and was to be seen following the cat with his eyes, with his head turned, while his astonished hands stood straight out before him, rigid as marble!

But in all these vicissitudes, and in all this long series of players, good playing has been the accident, while the thing meant and attempted has been in the main, a perversion of music, a breaking of the Sabbath-day, and a religious nuisance. The only alleviation in the case was, that the general ignorance of the proper function of church-music saved the Christian congregation from feeling what an outrage they had suffered. But we must try this topic once more before we can get it fairly finished.

CAVEAT EMPTOR.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR.—Will you allow us to expose in your columns an imposture which is being practised in the musical profession and trade? It appears that a man giving the name of "Johnson" has been calling at the houses of various artists and others, and has obtained small sums of money from them, supposed to be in payment for copies of the *Musical Directory*. In some cases he has succeeded in extracting a "fee" for insertion of their names. We charge no such fee, know nothing of such a person, and shall be under considerable obligation to any one who will, when he makes his appearance, give him into the custody of the nearest policeman, and communicate with us.—We are, Sir, your obedient servants,

RUDALL, ROSE, CARTE, & CO.,
Publishers of the "Musical Directory, Register,
and Almanack."

ROTTERDAM.—Herr Bouché's *Lorelei* has been produced by the German operatic company, but has not met with any very great success.—The programme of the first Soirée for Chamber Music, given by Herren Lange, jun., Wirth, etc., included the following works: D minor Quartet, Haydn; Pianoforte Quartet, Schumann; Violin Sonata in A major, Handel; and Impromptus, Lange.

MILAN.—Sig. Filippo Marchetti has arrived to superintend the rehearsals of his opera, *Ruy Blas*, which is to be produced during the approaching Carnival.—The *Gazzetta Musicale* gives a formal denial to the assertion made in certain Paris papers that Sig. Verdi is engaged on a new opera, entitled *Giuiletta e Romeo*. It says that there is not a single word of truth in the whole assertion from beginning to end.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The concert on Saturday afternoon was in several respects interesting. It began with the overture to *Prometheus* and ended with the overture to *Tannhäuser*, the former all music, the latter all noise, but each so marvellously well executed as to encourage a belief that Mr. Manns and his followers thought just as highly of Wagner as of Beethoven—of the arch-enemy of music as of its high priest elect. Of course, the members of the orchestra have nothing to do but to play that which is set down for them; Mr. Manns, however, on more than one occasion, has introduced the overture to *Tannhäuser* in his programmes, and thereby laid himself open to a charge of high-treason against the majesty of art. He pretends, and justly pretends, to have accomplished a vast deal of good through his management of the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts; and, indeed his claims have been frequently acknowledged in such unequivocal terms of praise as are awarded to few enjoying no higher position than that of simple "concert-master." Nevertheless, Mr. Manns should be reminded that beginning with Wagner means going on with Wagner, or else it means nothing at all. Now if, which we can hardly doubt, he has carefully perused the score of the Munich opera, *Tristan und Isolde*, he must be aware that in that remarkable work, according to the declarations of Herr Wagner himself and Herr Wagner's most turbulent partisans, the Wagnerian theory is for the first time perfectly developed. Why, then, not plunge at once into *Tristan*, instead of eternally standing on the threshold of the temple—in other words, perpetually bringing forward the inchoate *Tannhäuser*, as though in *Tannhäuser* was unfolded the entire Wagner? The so-called "march" from the latest Munich revelation, the *Meistersinger von Nürnberg* (a "comic opera" according to Wagner), produced by Mr. Manns a few concerts ago, counts for little or nothing, being of far less importance than even the oft-cited bridal scene from *Lohengrin*. What the Wagnerians desire is the whole Wagner, and nothing less. There are some, Herr Wagner himself, and his enthusiastic patron, Abbe Liszt, among the rest, who believe that from the point at which Beethoven left off—say, from the ninth symphony, the second mass, the last quartets &c.—Herr Wagner virtually starts, and that had Beethoven lived to make farther advances, he would have proceeded in the same direction. If this were true, musicians might take some consolation for the loss of that tenth great symphony which the giant of music had projected. But it is altogether false; and to know anything about Beethoven is to know that Beethoven would never have tolerated the doctrines set forth by Herr Wagner and promulgated so industriously and obstreperously by his disciples. It was enough to hear the overtures to *Prometheus* and *Tannhäuser*, one after the other, on Saturday, to convince any one with ears attuned to harmony that, instead of marching onward from the latest works of Beethoven, the author of the *Art-work of the Future* was immeasurably in the rear of, and without the smallest conceivable chance, at any period, however remote, of catching up the earliest. *Prometheus* is an overture, exhibiting all the strength, concision, and symmetry of form in which Mozart supremely excelled, with, here and there, a bold passage already foreshadowing the Beethoven now unanimously hailed as the most original of all musicians; while the overture to *Tannhäuser*, at the best, is but pantomime music, not less empty than loud and pretentious. It is the bounden duty of those who, caring for the welfare of music, have the means of addressing the public, to protest, when occasion offers, against the encouragement of anything so utterly wrong in art and so inimical to art's most serious interests as that which is exemplified by the writings of Herr Wagner. Mr. Manns, we are aware, is—putting Italian and French art aside—an eclectic; but even in German art a line should be drawn somewhere.

As the concert on Saturday was the twelfth and last of the first series for 1868-9 (of which, happily, yet fourteen more remain to be given), we subjoin the programme in extenso:—

Overture (<i>Prometheus</i>)	Beethoven.
Song, "Heign, great Apollo (<i>Ruins of Athens</i>)"	Beethoven.
Music in the <i>Tempest</i>	A. S. Sullivan.
Song, "Honour and Arms" (<i>Samson</i>)	Handel.
The Song of Miriam	Schubert.
Aria, "Il soave e bel contento"	Pacini.
Part-Song, "Sleep, gentle lady"	Bishop.
Overture (<i>Tannhäuser</i>)	Wagner.

Nothing could more appropriately have succeeded the overture of Beethoven than the song from a work written by the same composer ten years later. The music for *Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus* was produced in 1801, the same year as the so-styled "Pastoral Sonata," and the famous string quintet in C: that for *Die Ruinen von Athen* belongs to 1811, also the year of *König Stephan*. In the *Ruinen von Athen*, which preceded by a very short time the great orchestral symphony in A (No. 7), we find its author entirely free from the influence of his illustrious predecessors, Haydn and Mozart. In fact, it was produced in the meridian of what is termed his "second period." The song so carefully given by Signor Foli is an excellent specimen of the work, and could not but be welcome to the lovers of Beethoven.

Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan's music to the *Tempest* of Shakspeare came back to us as fresh and attractive as when it was first heard. As piece followed piece, from the opening orchestral prelude to the end, it was pleasant to be able to feel that the praises lavished some years since on this first important production of the young composer had not been indiscriminate. To deny that in writing his *Tempest* Mr. Sullivan was considerably influenced by Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, would serve no purpose. Such is unquestionably the truth, but deeply impressed as he must have been with that admirable model, he successfully avoided plagiarism. In short, he respected his model so much that he would not appropriate a bar of it. When, therefore, we add that he has produced a work which, notwithstanding the imitations by German composers, &c., during twenty years and more, is worthier to come after *A Midsummer Night's Dream* than any other we could name, we are paying Mr. Sullivan a very high, though, we sincerely believe, a thoroughly well-merited compliment. The orchestral preludes to Acts 1, 3, 4, and 5, have each a distinctive character and each a marked interest; all the incidental music, while the dialogue goes on, is delicately imagined and as delicately wrought out; the dances are piquant, melodious, and full of vigorous life; and it is difficult to award a preference to either the "Banquet Dance," so quaint and sparkling, or to the "Dance of Nymphs and Reapers"—though to the last, which for its salient *ad captandum* qualities is quite equal to the other, may, if only on account of its more varied and extended design, be justly given the palm. It is held by some that where Mr. Sullivan has been least successful is in the setting of Ariel's songs. This may be so, but we confess our inability to recognize it. According to our own impression, they are each and all: "Come unto these yellow sands," "Full fathom five," and "Where the bee sucks," deeply felt and happily illustrated—and this, not forgetting how our young composer had to fight against the reasonable prejudice in favour of those truly English songs for which we are indebted to Purcell, Arne, &c. That Mr. Sullivan has looked at his task from the Mendelssohnian, rather than from what would be regarded as the national, point of view is undoubted; but as the most Shakspearian music in existence is universally allowed to be the music composed by Mendelssohn for *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and as the *Tempest* appertains incontestably to the same order of play, we cannot see that Mr. Sullivan is to be blamed. Fine as are their melodies, what Purcell and Arne produced, compared as mere art-work with what Mendelssohn produced, is, it will hardly be denied, of small pretension. And then, the resources of the modern orchestra, which, in the musical illustration of such subjects can be employed to such rich purpose, were no more likely to be disregarded by an aspiring Englishman than by the most imaginative of Germans. Apart from all these considerations, however, the music to the *Tempest* is genuine from one end to the other, and every one must have been delighted to listen to it again. The performance, on the whole, was good, though in some instances it might have been better. The orchestra was very nearly perfect, the chorus efficient in the very little that is assigned to it, and the solo singers, Misses Banks and Fanny Armytage, did their very best. The audience, unanimously pleased, were liberal with their applause, which, at the conclusion of the first part of the "Banquet Dance," was so protracted that Mr. Manns was compelled to stop the orchestra and briefly remind them that, after a few bars of slow interlude, the "Dance" would come over again as a matter of course. Those previously familiar with the music (and they were not a few) were considerably diverted with this too precipitate demonstration of approval.

Schubert's "Song of Miriam," set to a cantata by the poet Grillparzer, is interesting as one of those works composed in 1825, the year that deprived the musical art of a genius only second to the genius who had been snatched away a year earlier (Beethoven). It is a pity that "Miriam" should have been left by its composer without anything more than a pianoforte accompaniment; for of all eminent musicians Herr Franz Lachner, who has scored the accompaniments for the orchestra, was, perhaps, the least likely to enter quite sympathetically into Schubert's ideas; and then, Schubert's own manner of orchestration was as individual as his own manner of composing, and as entirely original. Nevertheless, the cantata contains too much that is beautiful not to disarm criticism built upon comparatively subordinate objections. It is written throughout for soprano solo and chorus. The subject, we need scarcely say, is that of Handel's *Exodus*, though confined to the single miracle of the passage of the Red Sea, which Miriam and her companions recount amidst prayers and thanksgivings to their Almighty Deliverer. We have left ourselves no space to describe this cantata at length; but, as its second performance was not only much better, but much more warmly appreciated than the first, and as it is short, extremely effective, and full of unmistakable beauties, we are likely to have more than one occasion of recurring to it. For musicians it must possess a special value, as containing some of the fruits of those contrapuntal studies to which poor Schubert had betaken himself so late in the period of his brief and sad career. The solo part this time was sustained by

Miss Banks, in lieu of Madame Lemmens-Sherrington; and to the credit of Miss Banks, be it added, she gave no cause to regret the absence of her more experienced predecessor.

That the air from Handel's *Samson* was allotted to Signor Foli will be readily understood. The Italian cavatina fell to the share of Miss Armytage, Bishop's familiar part song, admirably given by the choir, was encored and repeated. Bishop, at the same time, has left far better things than this hackneyed and commonplace trifle.

In the course of twelve concerts, the first of which was held on the 31st. of October, we have had the *Eroica* and B flat symphonies of Beethoven; the "Surprise" symphony of Haydn, and the "Parisian" of Mozart; the "Italian" and "Scotch" symphonies of Mendelssohn; Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor, with his previously unknown one in C major, No. 6; and Schumann's No. 3 in E flat. The "Surprise" of Haydn, the No. 6 of Schubert, and the No. 3 of Schumann, as our readers have already been informed, were played for the first time at the Crystal Palace. The symphony of Haydn made every one wish for more from the same inexhaustible store; that of Schubert has put the musical public under a fresh obligation to the spirited directors of the Crystal Palace Company, and to Messrs. G. Grove and A. Manns, their indefatigable representatives in all such matters; while that of Schumann found many admirers, and has advanced the cause of its composer a sure step. Among the overtures and other shorter instrumental pieces have been several novelties, but only one—Herr Ferdinand Hiller's "Concert-overture" No. 2—of any real value, Herr Volkmann's *Fest-overture* being but a dry affair, Herr Reinicke's prelude to *King Manfred* a mere question of "mutes" ("sordini"), and the march from Herr Wagner's *Meistersinger* a mystery to the uninitiated. Four of Weber's overtures, three of Beethoven's (including the sublime *Coriolan*), four of Mendelssohn's (including the ever more and more welcome "Trumpet Overture"), one by Mozart, one by Auber, one by Schumann (*Genoève*), and five by Rossini, have been played. Then, in the way of choral music, besides the *Song of Miriam*, we have had (first time) Beethoven's magnificently dramatic *Mount of Olives*, the same composer's Choral Fantasia, and Mendelssohn's *Lorelei*, comprising, not only the *finale* and the "Ave Maria," but the "Vintagers Chorus," another cause for regret that an opera promising so richly should have been left unfinished. Even now we have left untold the instrumental solos, the novelties among which were Mendelssohn's duet for clarinet and corno di bassetto (posthumous—still in MS.), his organ sonata in B flat, and Bach's great G minor pedal fugue—the first and only instalments of the promised organ performances. Into a retrospect of the vocal music at each of the twelve concerts we cannot possibly enter; nor would our retrospect be likely to meet with many readers, supposing it made. But enough has been said to show that the Crystal Palace Concerts are going on as usual, and maintaining their position as the foremost entertainments of their kind in the country. They begin again on the 16th of January, 1869, when Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony" is to be repeated, and Herr Joachim is to play Beethoven's violin concerto.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

A CONCERT was given on the 10th inst., at the Horns Assembly Rooms, Kennington Park, for the benefit of the widow of the late Mr. Robert Topliff, composer of "Consider the Lilies," &c., many years organist of Trinity Church, Newington. There was a full audience, which was no more than might have been expected considering the many artists of high standing announced to appear. The promise held out of a musical treat was scarcely realized; the programme being found to consist in great part of common-place songs and ballads by third-rate composers. Amongst others, Madame Talbot-Cherier, Miss Poole, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Herr Carl Stepan, Mr. W. Carter (who conducted), Mr. J. B. Chatterton, Mr. Chas. Lester, Mdle. Marie Gondi, and Miss Palmer, gave their assistance.

THE Brixton Amateur Musical Society's second private concert took place last week in presence of a fashionable audience. The chief item in the programme, Mozart's D major Symphony (No. 2), was well played by the well-trained orchestra. Its reception was, however, scarcely favourable. The other orchestral pieces were the overtures to *Der Freischütz*, *Zampa*, and B. Tours's "Melodie Religieuse," the violin solo in which was very carefully played by Mr. Spiller, the leader. The singers were Mr. J. N. Frye, baritone, and Miss Annie Edmonds, whose pleasing voice and expressive singing gained the good opinion of all. The lady sang Haydn's canonet, "My mother bids me bind my hair," "Should he upbraid," and Dr. Arne's delightful old ballad, "When daisies pied." An encore was imperatively demanded for Bishop's song, and Miss Edmonds returned and sang "Love has eyes." Mr. H. Weist Hill conducted, and Mr. J. Harrison accompanied. The "Reformation Symphony" is promised for the next concert, in January.

NATIONALITY IN VOICES.

At the ordinary meeting of the Anthropological Society of London, held on the 15th December, Dr. James Hunt, president, in the chair, Sir Duncan Gibb, Bart., vice-president, read a paper "On the Character of the Voice in the Nations of Asia and Africa, contrasted with that in the Nations of Europe," of which the following is an abstract:—The subject was quite new, and difficult to handle from the comparatively few facts bearing upon it; the author, however, trusted to these and to his general experience in its elucidation. The voice of the Chinese and Japanese was of low power, feeble compass, and whining in its tone, possessing at times a sort of metallic twang. Among the natives of Tartary, Thibet, and Mongolia, the voice was stronger, louder, more powerful, yet still partaking of the metallic twang; the female voice was not inferior in power to that of the male sex; the metallic and deafening tones of the voice in those peoples were a well-marked and distinctive peculiarity. In India and Birmah, the voice was generally soft and very feminine, not so powerful as shrill; the natives of the hills had a more robust voice than those in the plains, the former possessing a somewhat metallic twang, and the latter, a plaintive and whining tone. In Africa, the negro was taken as the type, whose larynx was of intermediate proportions between the Chinese and Tartars, but differed from all other races of mankind in certain peculiarities, which the author described. The negro wanted vocal power in whatever part of the world he was placed, but possessed the elements of a bellowing or roaring voice—a deafening noisy sound, without harmony or distinctness. In speaking, the voice was smooth and harmonious, or rough and husky. Considered generally, the various nations of Europe possessed strong, powerful, sonorous, and clear voices; variations as to character and tone might and did exist, but, as a rule, they all agreed in power, full compass, range, clearness, and loudness of sound. The German had the most powerful voice in Europe, for reasons which the author gave; but in strength of voice he must yield to the Tartar, who, without exception, has the most powerful voice in the world. The condition of the larynx, with length of the vocal chords, and other circumstances bearing on the subject in the various nations of the three great continents, were considered, and the reasons given for the general conclusions arrived at. The following gentlemen took part in the discussion: Mr. L. Owen Pike, Dr. Carter Blake, Dr. Roden, Mr. Mackenzie, Dr. Charnock, Mr. Allan, Rev. Dunbar Heath, Dr. Campbell, Dr. King.

ORGAN NEWS.

The following is the specification of Messrs. Bryceson Brothers & Co.'s Electric Organ just erected in Christ Church, Camberwell. It will be remembered that a portion of the instrument was used at the Gloucester Festival:—

SWELL ORGAN—CC to G.				Pipes. Ft.	
				Pipes. Ft.	
1. Bourdon (wood).....	56	16	4. Principal (metal).....	56	8
2. Open Diapason (wood and metal).....	56	8	5. Echo Cornet, 3 ranks (metal).....	168	
3. Lieblich Gedact (wood).....	56	8	6. Cornopean (metal).....	56	8
			7. Oboe and Bassoon (metal).....	56	8
GREAT ORGAN—CC to G.				Pipes. Ft.	
				Pipes. Ft.	
1. Open Diapason (metal).....	56	8	6. Twelfth (metal).....	56	3
2. Hohl Flöte (wood).....	56	8	7. Fifteenth (metal).....	56	2
3. Saldonal (wood and metal)...	56	8	8. Full Mixture, 3 ranks (metal).....	168	
4. Principal (metal).....	56	4	9. Trumpet (metal).....	56	8
5. Flute (wood).....	56	4	10. Clarion (metal).....	56	4
PEDAL ORGAN—CCC to E.				Pipes. Ft.	
				Pipes. Ft.	
1. Open Diapason (wood).....	29	16	2. Violone (wood).....	29	16
COUPLERS.				Pipes. Ft.	
				Pipes. Ft.	
1. Super Swell to Great.			3. Swell to Great.		
2. Sub Swell to Great.			4. Swell to Pedals.		
SUMMARY.				Pipes. Ft.	
				Pipes. Ft.	
Swell Organ.....	7			504	
Great Organ.....	10			672	
Pedal Organ.....	2			58	
Couplers.....	5				
Bellows Signal.....	1				
	25			1234	

Three Combination Pedals to Swell. Three ditto to Great Organ.

This organ is constructed for a chamber above the vestry on the south side of the chancel, but the organist will sit with the choir in the stalls, and play the organ through a cable of insulated wires passing beneath the floor, and measuring some fifty feet in length. The largest pipes are grouped beneath an arch, and richly decorated with gold and colours upon the bright metal.

VENICE.—The Teatro San Benedetto, for which Rossini composed *L'italiana in Algeri* and *Edoardo e Cristina* is in future to be named the Teatro Rossini.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

SIXTH CONCERT OF THE ELEVENTH SEASON,
MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 4TH, 1869.
To commence at Eight o'clock.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in C major, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—
MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, and PIATTI ... Mozart.
SONG, "I know a song"—Miss EDITH WYNN ... Benedict.
SONATA, in D major, Op. 53, for Pianoforte alone—Madame
ARABELLA GODDARD ... Schubert.

PART II.

SONATA, in G, Op. 96, for Pianoforte and Violin—Madame
ARABELLA GODDARD and HERT JOACHIM ... Beethoven.
SONG, "Orpheus with his Lute"—Miss EDITH WYNN ... Arthur Sullivan.
QUARTET, in B flat, Op. 64, No. 5, for two Violins, Viola, and
Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, and
PIATTI ... Haydn.
CONDUCTOR - - - - - Mr. BENEDICT.

FIRST MORNING PERFORMANCE,
SATURDAY, JANUARY 23RD, 1869,
To commence at Three o'clock.

Programme.

QUINTET, in G minor, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello
—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, ZERBINI, and PIATTI ... Mozart.
SONG, "Cangio d'aspetto"—Madame SAINTON-DOLBY ... Handel.
SONATA PASTORALE, in D major, Op. 28, for Pianoforte alone—
Madame ARABELLA GODDARD ... Beethoven.
SONG, "A year ago"—Madame SAINTON-DOLBY ... Rockstro.
TRIO, in D minor, Op. 49, No. 1, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violon-
cello—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, HERT JOACHIM, and Signor
PIATTI ... Mendelssohn.
CONDUCTOR - - - - - Mr. BENEDICT.

Seaf Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. To be had of Austin, 25, Piccadilly;
Kelth, Prowse, & Co., 48, Chesham; and of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.
N.B.—The Entrance to the Orchestra will, in future, be by the door in Piccadilly
Place only.

*L'Histoire de Palmerin d'Olive filz du Roy FLORENDO de
Macedone et de La Belle Griane, fille de Remiclus, Empereur de Constan-
tinople, by Jean Maugin, dit le Petit Angevin. A perfect copy of this
extremely rare Romance to be sold for FORTY GUINEAS.
Enquire of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 214, Regent Street, W.*

DEATHS.

On Monday the 21st inst., Mr. JOHN SIMPSON, of 266, Regent Street,
aged 75.
On the 22nd inst., at 20, Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, ROBERT
JOHN JEWELL, formerly of Newport, Isle of Wight, aged 81.

NOTICE.

The MUSICAL WORLD will henceforth be published on FRIDAY, in
time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore
receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this
change, it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent
not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion
in the current number.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs.
DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 214, Regent Street, corner of Little
Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as
Three o'clock P.M. on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on
delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1868.

TO THE READER—SPECIAL.

THE present number completes the forty-sixth volume of this
journal, and the thirty-second year of its life. The Musical
World, therefore, has out-lived a generation. Its retrospect is full

of interest. How many things and men have come and gone; how
many enterprises have started and failed; and what changes have
taken place since the issue of its first number. That modest sheet
is now before us, and a look through its pages is like reading an
obituary. Even the journal itself in its then form, and as then
published, edited, and priced, has passed away. On the eighteenth
day of March, 1836, Mr. J. Alfred Novello (all dead); a concert
sixteen pages (demy-octavo) of printed matter for threepence, and
thus "The Musical World, a Weekly Record of Musical Science,
Literature, and Intelligence," was ushered into being. On the
first of those pages is the name of a dead and gone celebrity;
Samuel Wesley having led off with a "Sketch of the State of Mu-
sic in England from the year 1778 up to the Present." Thence
onward we read little save epitaphs. Mr. Cornelius Field's Concerts,
Quartet Concerts, and Chamber Concerts (all dead); a concert
of the (dead) order called Ancient, directed by a (dead) Arch-
bishop of York; Vocal Concerts (dead) attended by the (dead)
Duchess of Kent—these are the things recorded in the list of cur-
rent events. More of a like sort follows. We are told of doings at the
"King's Theatre" by Coleoni-Corti and Cartagenova, whose
names most of our readers see now for the first time. We are told
also that Spohr "will visit England this year," and that a "great
musician"—one Mendelssohn in point of fact—"is putting the
last touch to his sacred oratorio of *The Conversion of St. Paul*," a
work described as "in the severe Handelian school." Lastly, we
come upon certain criticisms of an opera just previously brought
out in Paris, afterwards to be known everywhere as *The Huguenots*.
Then follow five pages and a half of advertized music, a good deal
of which is now as extinct as anything else in the number. *Sic
transit*, indeed, and of a truth.

The Musical World came just in time to witness and record the
popularization of music. By the same movement it may also have
profited, if the reception given to No. 1 be any criterion. That
fortunate sheet ran through two editions—a happy augury of the
vitality which is strong as ever even after the wear and tear of
forty-six volumes. In the dissemination of musical knowledge
and taste among the masses this journal took an active part. It
had a share in transforming music from a luxury into a necessity,
from the plaything of the few into the comfort and solace of the
many. What an amount of work and resulting success its pages
record. Reading them one sees again "the little one become a
nation, and the small one a strong city." Its earliest pages tell of
embryo festivals in Exeter Hall, and its latest of giant gatherings
in the Crystal Palace, where each "part" is a brigade, and the
whole chorus an army. Between these two extremes lie more than
thirty years of effort. We are entitled, therefore, to claim a past
unique among English musical journals. Our contemporaries can
only say, "Others have laboured, and we have entered into their
labours."

But if the Musical World has had its serious task, it has also
had its "little game," which, by the way, was not without a
purpose. It shot Folly flying with arrows winged by Folly's own
plume—often the surest way to hit the mark. Few journals ever
possessed sportsmen with keener eye or more unerring aim. From
the immortal Mr. Owain Ap'Mutton and his chief representative,
Dr. Shoe, down to Sir Caper O'Corby and company, they were as
skilful in a battue as in the stalker's patient art—unequaled in both.
If these gentlemen now rest awhile from their labours (Dr. Silent
excepted—he is irrepressible) it is because, with pardonable vanity
they believe that ridicule has in great measure banished the ridicu-
lous. But let not Folly's children presume upon their retirement.
The Muttonian weapons are not, like Prospero's wand, buried "cer-
tain fathoms in the earth." At a word they can be again brought
into use, and the word will be spoken whenever need may arise.

Promises as to the future are rash, and we avoid them. We may, however, invite the co-operation of our readers in making the *Musical World* a complete epitome of intelligence. We seek correspondents everywhere where anything worth recording is done. These forthcoming, nothing shall be wanting on our part to secure for the oldest of English musical journals the enviable distinction of being the best.

It has been determined to hold the Norwich Festival as usual next year. A good many complaints were made in connection with the last (1866). Sufficient accommodation had not, it appears, been provided for members of the Press, and one of the London reporters stated that while the arrangements for the Festival were being discussed beforehand, a motion was preferred not to exclude journalists altogether, which would have been foolish as well as illiberal, but simply to make them pay for their admissions. Ultimately a compromise was resorted to. It was decided to give these unhappy men places, but not good ones, and, whether as the result of a formal resolution or from mere carelessness, there was nothing on the issued cards to show that the bearers were entitled to any places at all. Vague and meaningless as a general invitation, they gave authority to go anywhere, which practically signified nowhere. Nothing could exceed the politeness and attention of those stewards who were applied to personally for seats; only seats which, under a proper system, ought to have been reserved, were not reserved. Then as to composers, the rule in England is to allow absolutely nothing for the right of producing new music, and the directors of the Norwich Festival were not the men to violate so wholesome a regulation. They even took a step in a contrary direction. Thus, they refused Mr. Sullivan a couple of tickets on the night that his new overture was to be performed, and were, in consequence, compelled to allow Mr. Costa to pay for a seat, although his oratorio, *Naaman*, was one of the attractions of the Festival. Much, however, if not all, of this was owing to the great inconvenience attached to the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales, for whose accommodation the Festival had been postponed from early September to the last days in October and beginning of November. In 1869 the Festival will be held, as time out of mind, in September, the week after the Festival at Worcester.

O LOVE! O MINE!

O Love! O Mine! this love of ours
We bid no earthly words reveal,
No murmured vows, no symbol flowers,
The toys of those who think they feel.
For we have seen the holy light
Up-leaping in each other's eyes,
And known what throb of sudden might
Has made that mystic signal rise.

But every heart that dares rejoice
Will sometimes pour its music free,
And thou hast joy to hear the voice
Of one who owes all joy to thee.
Then take this song, 'twill but repeat
Eye's, lip's, and pulse's joyous sign;
O Love! O Mine! thou'lt find it sweet
For only meaning "I am thine."

[The above graceful stanzas, set to music in a congenial spirit by Mr. Frederick Clay, are published in *Once a Year*, the Christmas number of *Once a Week*, which serial, under the vigilant and admirable editorship of Mr. E. S. Dallas, has risen higher in public estimation than it ever stood before. "O Love! O Mine!" is from the accomplished pen of Mr. Shirley Brooks.—Ed. M. W.]

COBURG.—Weber's *Freischütz* was performed, the other day, for the hundredth time in this town.

PROVINCIAL.

WE read the following in the *Kentish Mercury* of Saturday the 19th inst. :—

"Mr. Alfred Baylis (the young English tenor) gave a concert at the Alexandra Hall, Blackheath, on Friday week, which drew together a large and appreciative audience. Mr. Baylis selected Beethoven's 'Adelaide,' 'The Snow lies white' (Sullivan), and a new ballad, 'My Soul is dark' (Chatterton); in all of which he displayed, to the enjoyment of his audience, great control over a remarkably rich, pure, and sympathetic tenor voice, cultivated in the highest degree by careful study and practice. In the last phrase of Beethoven's song, Mr. Baylis produced, without the least effort, the high 'A' from the chest, which called forth loud and deserved applause. Mr. Baylis was also unanimously encored in 'My Soul is dark,' and Verdi's 'La donna è mobile.' Miss Elena Angele took part in two duets with Mr. Baylis, 'The Sailor sighs,' and 'One Word,' which gave general satisfaction. Mr. Chatterton (harpist to the Queen) and Mr. O'Leary were the instrumentalists, the former obtaining an encore. The concert was in every way a great success, and Mr. Baylis will be a genuine acquisition to our list of English tenors."

On Friday and Saturday last Miss Louisa Pyne's Opera Company gave two farewell performances in the Concert Hall, Malvern, to large and fashionable audiences. On Friday evening, they produced *Poor as a Rat* and *The Treasure found by Lantern Light*. The singing and acting of Miss Pyne, Mr. Beverley, Mr. F. Crelin, Miss Jocelyn, and Miss Susan Pyne, were all that could be desired; and Miss Louisa Pyne's singing of Rode's celebrated air with variations was excellent. The performers were frequently applauded. On Saturday, a ballad concert was equally successful.

RAWTESTALL.—A correspondent sends us the following :—

"On Wednesday evening, the Rawtestall Choral Union commenced their fourth season by introducing Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*. The principal vocalists were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdlla. Meenan, Mr. Nelson Varley, and Mr. Brandon, and Mons. Lemmens presided at the organ. The performance passed off successfully. It was a musical treat highly creditable to all parties concerned. Madame Sherrington sang every piece allotted to her in excellent style. Her rendering of 'Pious orgies,' 'From mighty kings,' 'Ah! wretched Israel,' and 'So shall the lute,' secured for her the hearty and well-deserved applause of the audience. Madame Meenan sang with care and precision. Mr. Nelson Varley's 'Call forth thy powers,' 'How vain is man,' and 'Sound an alarm!' were given with remarkable spirit. The last received an encore. Mr. Brandon fully sustained his reputation. The chorus was well trained, and fully justified their reputation as the best chorus that ever existed in Rossendale, and we understand that the principals expressed gratification and surprise at the manner in which they acquitted themselves. The concert was a perfect success."

HULL.—The first performances of the Harmonic Society took place last Friday, in the Music Hall, Jarratt Street. *Alexander's Feast* was the cantata chosen for the occasion, and a miscellaneous selection followed. The cantata was gone through in a creditable manner. The artists were Miss Anna Hiles, Mr. Birtle, and Mr. Brandon. Miss Hiles was in capital voice, and sang in her best manner. She was obliged to repeat Bishop's "Echo Song," in which she was well accompanied by Mr. Hay (flute *obbligato*). Mr. Brandon's fine baritone voice was heard to advantage in Benedict's "Rage, thou angry Storm" (encored), and the performance altogether gave satisfaction.

MAIDSTONE.—A correspondent writes :—

"Mrs. John Macfarren's pianoforte and vocal recital at the Corn Exchange, on Tuesday, December 15th, attracted an audience, despite the tempestuous state of the weather, of more than 800 persons. The fair performer played Beethoven's *Sonata Pathétique*, a Rondo of Weber's, a selection from Mendelssohn's 'Songs without Words,' Handel's 'Harmonious Blacksmith,' and, as specimens of the *bravura* style, a grand fantasia of Prudent's and three attractive pieces by Jules Brissac—nocturne, 'Long ago,' caprice, 'The Butterfly,' and a brilliant 'Fantasia on Welsh Melodies.' Miss Robertine Henderson sang Rossini's 'Une voix poco fa,' Benedict's 'Rock me to sleep,' Arthur Sullivan's 'Will he come?' and G. A. Macfarren's 'Late, so late,' the last two of which she had to repeat."

FREIBURG.—A new opera, entitled *König Georg*, the music by Herr Ehrlich, has been successfully produced.

BRUSSELS.—M. Auber's *Premier Jour de Bonheur* is still being played at the Théâtre de la Monnaie.—Herr Ludwig Straus is announced to appear shortly at the Concerts Populaires.

COLONIAL.

GRAHAMSTOWN.—A grand Festival Service was given in St. George's Cathedral on November 12th, from an account of which in the local journal we abridge as follows:—

"Last evening, selections from the *Elijah* were given with marked success in St. George's Cathedral. The musical arrangements were made by Mr. Barratt, choir-master, who acted as organist, the Dean taking his place as conductor. The leading singers engaged were Miss Hirst, soprano; Madame Leffler, contralto; Mr. H. Harper, bass. The chorus included about forty voices. This was the first time, we believe, that Mendelssohn's magnificent composition has been attempted in this city. The St. George's choir has, in fact, given proof of no small daring in attempting an oratorio so exacting. The Choir, however, assisted as it was by professional singers, did much more than merely escape failure. The masterpiece of a master was rendered with creditable ability, and a Grahamstown audience was assisted to a comprehension of a lofty work of genius. The music of *Elijah* was assigned principally to Mr. H. Harper, who acquitted himself with well sustained taste and skill. 'It is enough, O Lord, now take away my life,' was rendered with admirable effect. Miss Hirst took the following solos, 'Ye people, rend your hearts' 'What have I to do with thee, O man of God,' 'There is nothing,' 'Hear ye Israel,' and 'Then shall the righteous.' This is a very fair share of responsibility, and it was admirably sustained. Madame Leffler gave the angel's message, 'Elijah, get thee hence,' with a full and beautiful voice, and throughout sustained her reputation by the manner in which she rendered 'Now Cherith's brook,' 'Woe unto them that forsake him,' 'Arise, Elijah,' 'O rest in the Lord,' and 'Above him stood the Seraphim.' But the most attractive piece of the evening was 'Lift thine eyes,' in which Miss Hirst, Madame Leffler, and Mrs. Williams joined. It was given with remarkable beauty and softness. The magnificent 'Sanctus,' 'Holy, holy, holy, is God the Lord,' was well received, although the congregation did not stand up, as is usual at Home. The chorus, although deficient in power, did their part in a manner which surpassed expectation. Indeed, this may be said of the whole performance. The Dean led with excellent judgment. The attendance was good; probably about four hundred persons were present."

THE FUNERAL SERVICE TO ROSSINI IN FLORENCE.

(From the "Daily News.")

FLORENCE, Dec. 15.

Yesterday there was celebrated in the church of Santa Croce a funeral service for Rossini, in which the performance of Mozart's *Requiem* constituted the chief feature. Until the last moment it was doubtful whether the ceremony would take place at all, because on the morning of the previous day the telegraphic communications exchanged between Madame Rossini and the municipality of Florence had assured the latter and the Government that the mortal remains of the great composer would be brought before long to Florence, and find their last resting place in Santa Croce, the municipality have acceded to Madame Rossini's request, that she too should be permitted to share the tomb of her husband. It was, therefore, only a natural conclusion on the part of many even amongst those most desirous to honour Rossini's memory, that as a great funeral service must take place on the actual arrival of the body, it would be much better to suppress funeral rites organized in comparative haste, and musical performances but imperfectly prepared, so as to have but one grand and solemn celebration a few weeks hence. And though these repetitions of funeral honours remind one rather too much of the "more last words of Mr. Baxter," there were other reasons which rendered it somewhat difficult to adjourn the ceremony, the strongest being that the municipality of Pesaro, Rossini's birth-place, had been invited to attend, and were already either in Florence, or on the way—so the funeral ceremony took place. The commencement was announced for eleven o'clock, but everyone desirous of securing a good place had found his way long before that time to the church. An open passage had been left from the central front door, up which those who had been favoured with special tickets passed to the reserved space in front and at the sides of the high altar, on the right of which was the orchestra with its two hundred performers; the deputations from the chief bodies of the State and the members of their families being in front, and the strangers and foreigners—English and Italians mustering in great force—occupying the seats to the left. By the time fixed for the commencement of the service Santa Croce was closely crowded in every corner, but the very bad weather was perhaps the cause of its not being inconveniently over-crowded. I cannot say that the internal decoration of the church was marked by either the splendour or the tastefulness which the occasion would have justified; but perhaps these characteristics were purposely reserved for the future service on the arrival of the body. The orchestra, about two hundred strong, was under the joint direction of Mabellini and Giovaubini, the first for the vocal and the second for the instrumental music. The execution of

the *Requiem* was in the highest degree creditable considering the short time employed in the rehearsal; it was even the finest display of choral music which I have heard for a long time in Florence; but its effect was sadly marred by the unappreciating and even inattentive demeanour of the audience, who certainly for the most part seemed to be in a frame of mind quite the reverse of that with which one should participate in a grand funeral solemnity. The Florence newspapers of yesterday evening and this morning speak of the deeply-moved appearance of all present. I can only say I could discover no signs of such emotion, nor has it been visible to any other person present whom I have questioned on the subject. At one point of the performance, a sudden, striking, and most appropriate effect was produced by the celebrated violinist, Sivioli, playing, just at the elevation of the Host, a solo, the air of the prayer in Rossini's *Mosè*. It was admirably given, and the introduction, at such a time and place, of one of the most exquisite pieces from the sublime work which will always place Rossini in the first rank of the masters of the sacred musical drama, told, beyond all question, immensely on the listeners. The service finished at about one o'clock.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF THE ROSE.

The *Pilgrimage of the Rose* is the name of a poem set to music by Schumann, a graceful fairy tale, full of imagination and feeling, from the pen of Moritz Horn.

A beautiful rose, weary of her quiet uneventful existence, yearns for a higher being, and sighs for love as known to mortals, for life as human beings live. The Fairy Queen overhears her lamentations, her repining, and her intense wish to realize the bliss, the pain of love; she lovingly chides her darling flower and warns her that her nature is too fragile to support the pangs of humanity, but, however, finally yields to her prayers, and transforms her into a lovely virgin, a floral peri, and bestows upon her a magical rose—endowing its possessor with felicity and good fortune. Should she, however, part from this marvellous flower, even for a single instant, her human life will be extinguished, and restored to her pristine form, a gentle breeze will bear her to her former home among the graceful elves who Flora's call obey. She sinks into a temporary trance, and awaking after a short time in the soft beams of the moon, she discovers the magic rose upon her breast. In her new form she still remembers her previous existence and still yearns for love. She wanders on until she arrives at a pretty village; she asks for shelter and food at the first cottage, but is rudely repulsed. "*Es war der Rose erster Schmerz*," (It was the Rose's first grief)—a melody for the tenor—tells of the first awakening from the Rose's dream of universal love.

Sadly quitting the village, she sees a solitary cabin, near which an aged man is digging a grave. "For whom?" asks the Rose. "For the Miller's daughter, deserted and broken-hearted in the springtime of her life." "Does true love, the love I am sighing for, bring such desolation as this?"—thinks Rosa, strewing flowers on the coffin, which, followed by mourning friends, is borne to the grave by villagers singing a solemn and tender funeral hymn. Night's shades close around, and the venerable grave-digger offers her a refuge in his hut, and after singing her evening prayer, she sinks to slumber, her last thought being of the companions and friends of her former life. During her sleep, bands of fairies troop around her couch uttering warnings and beseechings to return:—"Return to us, pretty Rose, little Rose; deceive not thyself; canst hope for perfect happiness upon earth, among mortals whose every smile is wedded to a tear? Come back, pretty Rose, come back!"

The end of the story is equally fanciful. The bereaved Miller adopts little Rosa, as she is now called; the son of the head forester loves her, and is beloved by her; and in due time a precious little rosebud appears upon the scene. The Rose's worldly bliss being now complete, she determines to run no risk of future suffering or sorrow, and clasping her baby's tiny hand closely round the talismanic rose, she fades tranquilly to death, and thus terminates her earthly pilgrimage.

Schumann's musical illustration of this little story is full of his genial individuality. There are several solo parts, the most important being that allotted to the Rose. The tenor elucidates the story, as in olden times did the Greek chorus. Two choruses of fairies and one by angels, a trio of spirits, a soprano and contralto duet, and a quartet of adoption are the most remarkable pieces.

NAPLES.—At a recent performance of *La Muta di Portici*, with Sra. Rubini, Signori Mazzoleni and Quinteli-Leoni, the San Carlo was the scene of a disgraceful disturbance. After the chorus, "*Silenzio, O Pescatore*," not a note of the opera could be heard, on account of the shouting, hooting, whistling, &c., of the audience. It appears that the manager is not as popular as he might be, and the public, or rather those among the public who are inimical to him, have resolved on doing all they can to ruin him and close the theatre.

Odd Thoughts.

The first announcement of a new oratorio cannot fail to have abiding interest. We, therefore, present our readers with a miniature copy of a handbill lately circulated in Leeds:—

TOWN HALL, LEEDS.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23rd, 1868.

HALLÉ'S MESSIAH.

M^{me}. LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON, M^{me}. PATEY-WHYTOCK,

MR. SIMS REEVES, MR. SANTLEY.

BAND AND CHORUS OF 264 PERFORMERS.

Organist - - - MR. BROUGHTON.

Conductor - - MR. CHARLES HALLÉ.

Doors open at Seven o'clock; Concert to commence punctually at Half-past Seven.
Ticket holders admitted in Great George Street at 6.30.

ADMISSION:

Reserved Front Seats, 10s.; Reserved Area and Balcony, 5s.;
Unreserved Second Seats, 2s. 6d.; Body of the Hall, 1s.

Plan and Tickets now ready at MR. ARCHIBALD RAMDEN'S Music Saloon,
12 and 13, Park Row, Leeds.

A SPECIAL TRAIN to Morley, Batley, Dewsbury, Mirfield,
Huddersfield, and Manchester, at 11 P.M.
8, Park Row, Leeds. ALFRED WILLIAMSON, Hon. Sec.

Need we say how anxiously the criticism of our local correspondent, Mr. Gooch, is awaited? By a coincidence due to the season, Handel's *Messiah* was performed on the same evening at two different places in Manchester.

TO DR. ABRAHAM SADOKE SILENT.

SIR,—The destruction in the recent fire of the larger part of the musical library belonging to the Crystal Palace was much to be regretted. True, all or most of the scores could be replaced; but, on the other hand, Mr. Manns had to do the work of years over again. That conductor is a genuine enthusiast. Not satisfied with the printed scores as they existed, he took diligent pains to enrich them with signs and references for his own guidance, while directing rehearsals or public performances, which enabled him to arrive at a finish of detail, a close adherence to the gradations of tone by which the lights and shades of orchestral colouring are realized, otherwise impracticable. To the refinement of execution thus placed within his reach was owing the high opinion entertained by competent judges of the instrumental performances at the Crystal Palace. All this hard labour of Mr. Manns, however, for the time, at least, was labour lost. It was, nevertheless, hoped that he would not also lose heart, but, remembering the reflection of the Augustan poet—

* * * * *

go at once sedulously to work and retrieve his disaster. The only one of the many symphonies thus edited by Mr. Manns which escaped the fire, was, I believe the C minor of Beethoven; and that great work was announced, among other things of interest, for one of the earliest concerts after the first.

Meanwhile, there was little but praise for the first concert which took place since the conflagration in the music-room of the Crystal Palace, the finest music-room, with scarcely an exception, in Europe. The first piece in the programme was Schumann's Symphony in B flat, the earliest and by no means the weakest of the four ambitious works in which the Leipsic Aristarchus tried to emulate Beethoven. There is such spirit in this symphony, such enthusiasm, such earnest striving, and such wonderfully brilliant and effective orchestration, that, while hearing a performance of it in every way so satisfactory as that under Mr. Manns, one was forced to accept it as it stands, unwilling and, indeed, unable to criticize it till it was over. The short and stilted themes, the superabundance of modulation, the chief resource of unfluent, unready contrapuntists, and, in consequence, unfluent writers * * * * * But here let me desist. I thought of writing at the time, but circumstances prevented me. I am not the less yours, Sir, as of old, SIMON HALF.

[Had Mr. Half written a year or two earlier his communication might have been more or less to the purpose. He used not to be so dilatory in writing about the ex-English Opera Company, Limited. —A. S. S.]

Royal Academy Concerts.

(A Record of the Past.)

The fourth and last concert of the season, for the exhibition of the students, took place on Saturday, in presence of a very numerous audience. The programme was not only better than at any of the preceding concerts, but more in consonance with the principles upon which the institution was originally based. The performance began with an overture in A flat, by Mr. Banister (associate), entitled *Cymbeline*, which does not carry out the promise indicated in other works of the same young composer. It is too fragmentary; there are too many stops and too many forced contrasts, which gives an unsatisfactory effect to the whole. The instrumentation is wanting both in tone and brilliancy. What relation, moreover, the overture has to Shakspeare's *Cymbeline* is left entirely to the imagination, which must be exercised very keenly to find it out. Mr. Banister should try his hand again. Let us warn him, however, not to write too fast, and not to be too easily satisfied with what he produces. An overture, by Mr. Cousins (K.S.), which opened the second part of the concert, was much better. Besides being spirited and cleverly arranged for the orchestra, it has the advantage of a clear and well-defined plan. Of the two principal themes we prefer the second, the first being somewhat trite. They are nicely contrasted, however, and treated in a concise and effective manner. What we have stated on former occasions about the talent of Mr. Cousins, one of the students who do most credit to the Royal Academy, is more than justified by this overture, which evinces unquestionable signs of advance. A song in D minor, "The withered heart," by Mr. T. Nunn (student), carefully sung by Miss Freeman, is ably written, but unusually sombre. A pastoral ballad, by Mr. J. Thomas (associate), from an opera called *Alfred the Great*, of which the first *finale*, executed last year, was a favourable specimen, pleased us unconditionally. Miss Helen Taylor sang it charmingly, and we have nothing to reproach her with except a tasteless *cadenza* at the end. Besides these compositions, which were welcome to everybody as signs of the progress the students are making, the programme contained an interesting selection from Mr. Macfarren's serenata, entitled *The Sleeper Awakened*, comprising the duet in D, "Ho guards!" for Zuleika and Hassan, in which occurs the beautiful ballad, "The hour when first thy glance met mine," and the introduction, including the chorus, "Applaud him," the *duettino* for Hassan and Zuleika, and the prayer, "Mighty Allah," one of the most striking pieces in the serenata. The execution was on the whole very good, especially on the part of the band and chorus. Miss L. Baxter sang the ballad with the right sort of expression, but neither she nor Mr. Swift was quite at ease in the first duet. The *duettino* went better. The more we become familiar with the music of *The Sleeper Awakened* the more we are convinced that its proper place is the stage. It is essentially dramatic in character, while the story is quite as theatrical as it is interesting. Here is an opportunity for Mr. Webster to bring out a work of real merit, by an English composer, at the Haymarket Theatre, where opera is at present, and will possibly be for some time to come, the leading attraction.

The instrumental solos were all deservedly successful. Miss Parker displayed a light touch and remarkable neatness of execution in Hummel's *Introduction and Rondo*, Op. 98—a work very rarely heard, although one of the most graceful contributions to the piano of the master, in spite of the polka-like theme of the second movement. Mr. Simmons, in the *Andante and Rondo*, from Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, in E minor, showed signs of steady improvement. His execution has gained in sureness, and his tone is full and agreeable. The *Rondo* was delivered with a vast deal of animation, accompanied by unflinching neatness. Mr. Simmons does credit to his eminent master, M. Sainton. A fantasia for the violoncello—*Scena Pastorale*—by Kraft, was only objectionable on account of the length and dullness of the music. Mr. Aylward (K.S.), though his tone is thin, displayed considerable command of the instrument. He would do well, on another occasion, to select a piece of less pretension and more calculated for effect. The other solo was Mendelssohn's song, "The Last (or 'First')?"—A. S. S. Violet, arranged for the cornet-à-pistons, and very well played by Mr. Hay, the adapter.

The vocal music, on the whole, was better selected than usual, although there is not much novelty. In the first part, Mrs. Marshall sang "Va, dit, elle" (*Robert le Diable*); Miss Isabel Oakley, "Stanza di piu combattere" (Marliani); Mr. Blake, "Qui sdego" (*Zauberflöte*), and Miss Browne, "Vedrai carino." We should have liked the last very much, but for the too-lengthened *appoggiatura* in the second bar of the melody. In the second part, Miss Mary Rose introduced the aria, "Deh non voler" (*Anna Bolena*); Miss Emily Trickett essayed Gluck's "Che farò;" Miss Blanche Younge sang Vaccai's air, "Va la reca" (*Giovanna Grey*); Mrs. Hancock, a song from *Der Freischütz*, and Miss Sophy Law, a young student of decided promise, "Ah! quel giorno" (*Semiramide*), which, nevertheless, she should be informed is at present beyond her powers. The full pieces were the introduction from the second act of Spohr's *Faust*; a somewhat tame madrigal by Nicholson (1600), "Spring comes again," and the chorus and quintet, "Bella vita militar," from *Così fan Tutti*. We have no particular remarks to offer upon any of these performances. For the future, it would be advisable to exclude such music as that of Marliani and Vaccai, which has neither

school nor excellence of any kind to recommend it. The concert was conducted by Mr. Lucas, and M. Sainton occupied his habitual post of *chef d'attnque*.

We are glad to remark, in the last concert of the season, so decided an improvement, and so evident a move in the right direction. It depends upon those in authority to make the concerts of the Royal Academy of Music instrumental both to the progress of the students and the credit of the institution, failing in which they must remain without utility or public interest. We have faith, however, in the future, and reason to believe that the directors are determined to make some stringent and necessary reforms.

DETHPACT OF WINCHELSEA.

[It was rumoured that "Petipace of Winchelsea" was killed in a duel with Mr. Thaddeus Egg long ago. But killing in a duel is murder; and it has been propounded that murder will out.—A. S. S.]

MUSIC AT FLORENCE.

(From a Correspondent).

The season at the Pergola was recently brought to an unexpected and highly unsatisfactory conclusion. It appears that the salaries had not been paid with the exactitude desirable in pecuniary matters, and some nights since, just as the ballet was about to commence, the *figurantes*, supported by the male dancers and all the other subordinates attached to the theatre, struck, refusing to go on the stage without receiving the arrears due to them. The manager offered to pay an instalment at once provided they would not stop the performance. But the ladies were inflexible. Under these circumstances, the manager had no resource left him but to inform the public that the performance would not be continued and that their money would be returned. But the manager was somewhat premature in his assertion, because, on proceeding to the pay-places, the audience found that their money was already gone, having been seized by bailiffs. This occasioned some slight disturbance, which, however, was soon subdued.—A short time since, the Duca di S. Clemente determined to continue Marcello's *Salmi*. He commissioned consequently the lamented Giorgetti to compose one psalm, and Bazzini, another. Bazzini has just completed a third, which is shortly to be executed in this capital, and he has come to superintend the rehearsals. The overture written by him for Alfieri's *Saul* will be performed on the same occasion.—The series of concerts given by the Quartet Society continue exceedingly successful and attract all persons of refined musical taste. At the third concert, Signor Papini greatly delighted his hearers, by his rendering of a Grand Sonata composed by Rust in 1795. In the opinion of competent judges, Signor Papini, who is one of Giorgetti's best pupils, would speedily take his place among the first violin soloists of the day, were he not compelled to play in theatrical orchestras.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—The Italian operatic season commenced according to announcement, but without one of its chief attractions, namely, Madame Lucca. This accomplished lady caught a severe cold on her arrival here, and the consequence was the necessity of her deferring her first appearance, much to the regret of the public, and greatly to the prejudice of the management.

CASSEL.—Third Subscription Concert, at which Herr and Madame Joachim appeared: Suite, Op. 101, Raff; Violin Concerto ("in ungarischer Weise"), Joachim; Cantata, Marcello; Andante, Spohr; "Abendlied," Schumann; two Songs, Schubert; "Teufel's Sonata," Tartini.—A highly creditable performance of Haydn's *Creation* was recently given by the Gesangverein, under the direction of Herr Reiss.

FRANKFURT-ON-THAINE.—According to a statistical return issued by the management, there were from the 1st November, 1867, to October 31st, 1868, 336 performances at the Stadttheater; of those, 138 were devoted to operas and 30 to operettas. One opera, and one operetta were novelties. The classical school was represented by Beethoven (once); Gluck (twice); Mozart (twice), and Weber (eight times).

MUNICH.—First Soirée of the Royal Vocal Chapel: Motet, "Tu es Petrus," Palestrina; "Wach auf!" Ecceard; Psalm, Marcello; two old English Madrigals, Bennett and Morley; "Ave, Maria," Mendelssohn; three Four-part Songs, Hauptmann; "Ständchen," Schubert; Motet, "Singet dem Herrn," S. Bach, etc.—The admirers of Herr Franz Lachner, have presented him with a service of plate and an address. In the latter they pay a tribute to the exertions made by him for the advancement of music in this capital, and express a hope that he will continue his efforts as a composer.

WAIFS.

We read in the *Sunday Times*, of 20th inst:—

"We have reason to believe that arrangements are contemplated, which will result in the opening of only one opera-house next season. Rumour points to Covent Garden as the future scene of combined operations."

Mr. John Barnett, of Cheltenham, has arrived in town to spend the Christmas holidays.

A subscription has been opened in Germany for a monument to Gluck, which will be erected in the composer's native town, Weidenwang.

A young artist, Madame Zarbini, committed suicide recently at Martinique. The act was supposed to have been caused by grief at the loss of her husband, the director of the Apollo Theatre.

Mr. Arthur Sullivan has written a Christmas carol to words by Ben Jonson, and also a Christmas anthem, beginning "Sing, O Heavens." Both were sung for the first time on Friday at a West-end church, and gave general satisfaction.

The *Milan Gazette Musicale* denies, in a most authoritative tone, the report that Signor Verdi is writing an opera on the subject of *Romeo and Juliette*. It says:—"The illustrious master has never dreamed of putting the story to music."

M. Padeloup's programme last Sunday was as follows:—Overture de *Sémiramis*, Rossini; Symphonie en *re mineur*, Schumann; Air de ballet de *Prométhée*, Beethoven; Fragment de *Romeo et Juliette*, Berlioz; *Largo et finale*, Haydn.

A new cantata by Mr. John Dunne, Mus. Bac., will be produced by the College Choral Society of Dublin on the 25th of next month, under the direction of Dr. Robert P. Stewart. Misses Clara and Rosamunda Doria will sing the leading soprano and contralto parts.

Le Premier Jour de Bonheur was performed on Monday last at the Opéra Comique for the hundredth time. After the representation the orchestra took their instruments (and cabs), adjourned to M. Auber's residence, and, after waiting half-an-hour for the master's return, serenaded him with the overture.

HOMAGE TO AN ENGLISH COMPOSER AND HIS WORKS.—A grand concert will be given at Leeds Town Hall the first week in January. The programme will consist exclusively of the compositions of Mr. Henry Smart. Mr. Smart will preside at the organ, and the conductor will be Dr. Spark. A large and effective chorus is engaged.

According to a story now going about, Miss Minnie Hauck was once the chief performer in a scene now popular on the London stage. We are told that a certain M. Jerome fell among Indian thieves in the far West, and was laid across a railway track, where he was discovered by Miss Hauck, and rescued just as a locomotive came thundering up.

We read in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

"It is said that Rossini's widow has been offered 7,000,000 (seven million) francs for the posthumous works of her husband."

Why not have said 700,000,000 (seven hundred million) francs at once? One would be just as likely as the other.

We mentioned last week the sudden death of Mr. William Fish, late manager at the Hanover Square Rooms. We need hardly remind our readers that Mr. Fish was once hall-keeper at Her Majesty's Theatre, where he saw many changes long before M. Laporte took the management. It will be remembered, also, that he played a very prominent part in the controversy between Messrs. Lumley and Gye. Mr. Fish has left two sons to deplore his loss.

The programme of Mr. Aguilar's last performance of pianoforte music was as follows:—Sonata in G (Op. 29, No. 1), Beethoven; "Le Désir" (Transcription), Aguilar; Scherzo in D flat, Miss E. E. Wright (pupil of Mr. Aguilar); Chopin; Consolation (No. 2), Liszt; Romanza, Aguilar; Sonata in D, Aguilar; Six Christmas Pieces, Mendelssohn; Fantasia on *La Sonnambula*, Miss E. E. Wright, Thalberg; Gavotte in B minor, Bach; Love song, Henselt; Fantasia on *Faust*, Aguilar.

The Portland (U.S.) journals are full of high pressure enthusiasm about Miss Kellogg. Here is an extract:—

"Our beautiful and accomplished American *prima donna*, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, was in excellent voice and showed little signs of her late severe indisposition. Miss Kellogg was enthusiastically received, and with her first aria won all hearts. In response to the tumultuous encore she gave 'Home, sweet Home' with a depth of pathos and tender sweetness that moved all to the most gentle emotions. In 'Chanson de Rire,' she was honoured with a triple encore. Kellogg is great in that she never oversteps the bounds of nature, and so fills her circuit with winning graces and that easy self-possession that comes with conscious knowledge and ability, that to see her and to listen to her is to be enraptured. She is the brightest gem which America has yet contributed to the lyric art."

The New York Weekly Review says:—

"We are happy to learn from an advertisement on the next page that Mr. Howard Glover will devote his leisure time to imparting instruction in singing. Mr. Glover is not only a thorough musician, as his many vocal and instrumental compositions testify, but he is also a gentleman of refinement and culture. As a teacher of music he has been very successful in the Old World, as may be seen from the various testimonials given on the other side. Mr. Glover is in every respect competent for his calling, and we have no doubt that he will be as successful here as he was in the Old World.

The competition for the Potter Exhibition and Westmoreland Scholarship took place on Saturday last, at the Royal Academy of Music, in Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, the examiners being the Principal (Professor Sterndale Bennett), Mr. G. A. Macfarren, Mr. W. G. Cousins, Mr. F. R. Cox, and Mr. H. C. Lunn. The results were as follows:—Potter Exhibition: Miss Mary E. Christian, elected; Miss Pocklington, commended. Westmoreland Scholarship: Miss Rebecca Jewell, elected; Miss Fanny Lanham, highly commended; Misses Goode and Gill, commended.

The next national Eisteddfod for the whole of the Principality will be held the first week in August, in the ancient town of Brecon. A general meeting of the council has been held in Brecon, and Mr. Pedr. Mostyn Williams, of Manchester, has been elected secretary of the Eisteddfod, in the room of Mr. J. P. Williams, deceased. The following are some of the principal prizes to be competed for at the Brecon gathering in August:—A prize of £40, presented by Mr. John Jones, of Dolanthy, Carmarthenshire, for the best account, historical and architectural, of the castles in the county of Carmarthen, to be written in English; a prize of £25 for the best treatise on the mineral springs of Breconshire and Llandrindod; a prize of £20 for the best poem on *Elijah*, and the bardic chair for Wales for 1869; a prize of £20 for the best Welsh "Prydddest" on any subject; together with a large number of other prizes, varying from two to fifteen guineas each. The musical subjects and prizes, to be arranged by Mr. Brinley Richards, are not yet published.

The Paris correspondent of a contemporary wrote on Monday last:—

"Last night Mlle. Patti took leave of Paris previous to going on her Russian campaign. It was a great field day at the Italiens. Men fought even for those 'Jack in the box' seats yelet *Strapontins*. Mlle. Patti selected the first act of *La Traviata*, and the last act of *La Sonnambula*, for her *adieux*. She sang the whole act of *La Sonnambula* with very little ornament, and the audience was perfectly hushed; but when the *finale* was over there was one burst of applause which might have been heard almost at the Grand Opéra, and then the whole house rose, and stood while Adelina Patti came forward three times. A magnificent gold bouquet was cast at her feet, I believe by a *principe maestro*. All the fashionable and all the artistic world were present. It is very seldom now that the Salle Ventadour makes such a show. Mlle. Hauck was in the boxes, and I hear she is to sing the *Sonnambula* in a few days. I am assured that, although the sun has set, yet no night will follow. A very great compliment has just been paid to M. Wartel. M. Auber came to him and requested that he would become the *maestro* of the Conservatoire. M. Wartel, however, could not give up his lessons, and has therefore been obliged to decline the honour. 'Pupils all day' is his excuse; and those pupils include Marie Rose, whose singing in a room is as nice as her appearance, Mlle. Gaetana (*a nom de théâtre* taken by a most promising American singer), and Mr. Tom Hohler.

A writer in the *Daily News* gives some details of theatrical management. According to this writer the expenses of a large first-class West-end theatre are estimated at from £420 to £480 a week. As a rule the receipts are below the expenses; the loss is made up by some lucky hit, when they are largely in excess. Christmas is the best theatrical season in the year; summer is the worst, except when it is wet. About £500 a year is spent on colours and canvass. The gas bill comes to £30 a week, but at Christmas the moon generally costs the manager at least £20 a week on its own account. One of the difficulties of a manager is getting actresses to play the parts of women—they all want to show their legs (usually padded) as fairy princesses, and so on. Ballet girls get about 25s a week, and the writer vouches for their morality. The tariff of dramatic authorship varies very much. "Three or five-act plays, when not paid for by a percentage on profits, usually cost from £200 to £300, or from £3 to £5 every night they are acted. The price of a good burlesque varies from £50 to £120. Farces are seldom worth more than £10," &c. &c. We fear that the writer in the *Daily News* is reckoning without his host—in other words, knows very little of what he talks about. Amateur views of professional matters, as now continually exhibited in some of our first-class papers, are becoming a positive nuisance. One of the greatest sinners in this line has been the *Spectator*, another the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The *Daily News*, judging from recent experience, promises to rival, if not outdo its contemporaries. Why not at once take to amateur criticism altogether? It would cost nothing,

and would not be a greater absurdity than amateur acting, amateur singing, or amateur scraping and blowing on fiddles and wind instruments.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

NOVELLO, EWER, & Co.—Fourteen part-songs. The words by Mrs. Thomas Dadds, the music by William J. Young. "The Rudiments of vocal music," by T. L. Southgate.
DARTER & SONS (Cape Town).—"Pintie Klip" (Reminiscences of the Cape), reverie by C. S. Darter.
LONGMANS & Co.—"Reminiscences of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy," by Elise Polko, translated by Lady Wallace.
DOFF & STEWART.—Gounod's "Village Curfew," for piano, by W. Kuhe; Fantaisie sur *Oberon*, par E. Sauerbrey; "Sowing and Reaping" (sacred song), and "Tis the Sabbath reigns around" (vocal duet)—by Maria Tiddeman.

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